

# THE YAZOO CITY WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor and Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1839.

VOL. 4, No. 20.—Whole No. 176.

Yazoo City Whig and Political Register.  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
BY J. A. STEVENS,  
(CITY PRINTER.)

On Jefferson Street, opposite the Washington Hotel,  
and on door below Messrs. Hoff & Wright's Store.  
TERMS.—The Whig will be furnished to subscribers at \$5.00 per annum in advance; \$5.50 at the termination of six months, and \$6.00 if not paid until the expiration of the year.  
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required, must be marked in the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbidden, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the cash, or good reference in town. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10.00 for county offices, \$10.00 for State offices—advance.

**Yearly Advertising.**  
For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$5.00. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.  
The privilege of annual advertising is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of others, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

**Professional Advertisements.**  
For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12.00  
" 10 do do do 6 do 20  
" 10 do do do 12 do 30  
As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from those engaged in the same.  
ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.  
Letters on business must be post paid, or they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

## To the Public.

The rights of editors and publishers of papers have been too long neglected. Justice will never be done unless themselves assert their rights and enforce the most rigid rules, which in the end will be found alike salutary to the public and beneficial to those engaged in the press. Publishers of papers have been so long imposed upon by the community at large, that they are considered as so much of a degraded class of beings, when in fact there is no vocation in life so honorable, deserving of so high consideration, productive of so much good, a class that exerts so powerful an influence. It is known to be proverbial for the debtors to newspaper publishers to consider their demands as the last to be paid—debts to which there is attached no moral obligation, and which they can refuse to pay with justice and honor; hence, it is incumbent upon the conductors of the press to assert their own rights, and resolve, severally and jointly, to bring all patrons of newspapers under the same obligation, and attach to other contracts, or always remain in poverty and want, with thousands due them from the most solvent men in the country.

We call upon all editors and publishers of papers who approve of the following rules, to endorse them by their signatures—place them at the head of their papers, and strictly adhere to them.

- 1st. No subscription received without payment in advance.
- 2d. No subscription received for less than six months.
- 3d. Advance payment will be required from all transient subscribers.
- 4th. To announce no man for any office, either State or County, without the advance payment of ten dollars.
- 5th. Political circulars charged as advertisements and payment required in advance.
- 6th. All advertisements of a personal attention will be charged double and payment required in advance.
- 7th. Election tickets will not be printed without order, nor delivered to any person without payment.
- 8th. All subscribers, without respect to persons who are delinquent in the first of October, will be stricken from the list, and their accounts put in suit.

The above rules, we, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to abide by.

JAMES A. STEVENS,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Yazoo City Whig.  
S. H. B. BLACK,  
Editor of the Natchez Courier.  
BESANCON & HALIDAY,  
Publishers of the Mississippi Free Trader.  
JAMES HAGAN,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Vicksburg Sentinel.  
W. M. SMYTH,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Grand Gulf Advertiser.  
A. R. & S. C. COWLEY,  
Editors and Proprietors of the Yazoo Banner.  
GEORGE A. WILSON,  
Editor & Proprietor of the Holly Springs Banner.  
TAMMIS BROWN,  
Editor of the Rodney Telegraph.  
M. D. DUFFIELD,  
Editor of Grand Gulf Whig.  
W. B. TEBB,  
Editor of the Fayette Advertiser.  
NEED & NEWTON,  
Publishers of the Southern Reporter.  
BAKER & CURTIS,  
Editors and Proprietors of the Southern Signer.  
M. MOWER,  
Publisher of the Southern Sentinel.  
ARCA S. CLARK,  
Publisher of the Port Gibson Correspondent.  
GEO. E. KIDDER,  
Editor of the Gallatin Star.  
W. M. TOLBERT,  
Publisher of the Democratic Union.  
A. B. BECKWITH,  
Proprietor of the Independent Journal.  
June 1839.

## BATTAILE & HAMER, LAWYERS.

ADDRESS,  
JOHN BATTAILE at Benton,  
C. F. HAMER, at Yazoo City, Mississippi.  
Feb. 22, 33—tf

JAMES W. MCKINSTRY,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW,  
Aug 24—7tf WASHINGTON, MS.

A. W. G. & J. W. DAVIS,  
LAWYERS,  
OFFICE AT GREENSBORO, N. C.  
Will practice in the several Courts of the 2d Judicial District for this State. Nov. 23—20tf

JOHN MURDAUGH,  
LAWYER,  
Yazoo City, Mississippi.

## NOTICE.

JOSEPH HOLT, of Vicksburg, Q. D. Grimes, of Yazoo City, and R. S. Hox, of Benton, have associated in practice in the Superior Court of Chancery, at Jackson, in all cases, from Yazoo.

Blank notes Payable in the Mississippi Union Bank, neatly printed, constantly on hand, and for sale at this Office.

MERRITT, JENNINGS & Co.,  
Commission Merchants,  
NEW ORLEANS.  
T. J. JENNINGS & CO.,  
Yazoo City.

THE business of the above concerns will be conducted as heretofore, under the above firm names, notwithstanding the death of Mr. N. Merritt, late one of the firm. The affairs of the house will be for the present superintended, at New Orleans, by Mr. John W. Merritt; at Yazoo City, as formerly, by Thos. J. Jennings.

H. G. RUNNELS,  
THOS. J. JENNINGS,  
Nov. 1, 1839. 17—tf  
The Lexington Union and Southern Reporter, will please publish the above to the amount of five dollars and charge this office.

## WASHINGTON HOTEL.

THE Subscribers having taken the above well known tavern stand formerly owned by Mr. J. M. Parisot lately in the occupancy of Mr. John O'Neil, respectfully inform the public, that they are now prepared to accommodate those who may favor them with their patronage—and that no exertion shall be spared on their part to make them comfortable.

Attached to the establishment is a good stable—and, as it will be exclusively under the control of a person of experience, we assure the public that all horses sent to it will be properly attended to.

HUNTER & BELL,  
Yazoo City, Oct. 25th 1839. 16—tf

## BENTON RACES.

THE Fall Races over the WHITE TRAIL COURSE, near Benton, will commence on the 26th day of November next, and continue 5 days. The purses will be liberal. Several stables of some notoriety will be in attendance.

J. A. BOARMAN, proprietor.  
Nov. 8, 1839. 16—3f

## NOTICE.

THE Steam Boat GANGES, having been thoroughly repaired in New Orleans, will resume her regular trade, Grand Gulf, 21st October, 1839.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 1, 1839.  
We hereby certify that Cotton shipped by the steamboat GANGES, will be insured at the usual rates of premium, said boat having been satisfactorily repaired.

Western Marine and Fire Ins. Co. L. MATTHEWS, President.  
Fireman's Insurance Company. E. L. TRACY, Secretary.  
Orleans Theatre Insurance Co. J. A. DURAL, Secretary.

Louisiana State Mar. and Fire Ins. Co. CHAS. W. HORNOR, Secretary.  
Merchants and Ocean Ins. Co. RICH'D L. ROBERTSON, Inspector of Atlantic Insurance Company.

EDWIN BRIDGES, secretary pro. tem. Grand Gulf Insurance company. LOUIS GRONELY, Secretary.  
Yazoo City, Nov. 1st 17—5f

The Lexington Union, will please publish the above three times, and sent their account to this office.

**The Empire State,**  
(SUCCESSOR TO THE WEEKLY WHIG.)  
Will be published every Thursday morning, at 182 Nassau St. New-York.

The paper of the NEW-YORK DAILY WHIG, propose hereafter to issue their weekly paper under the title of **The Empire State**. No change will be made in the size or form of the paper; it will contain the full reading matter of six daily papers, and will be regularly forwarded to its numerous patrons, in the same manner as it has changed taken place. Improvements in the mechanical execution of the paper are contemplated, corresponding with the increase of patronage which the publishers hope to receive under the new arrangement.

The paper will be under the editorial management of HORACE GREELLY and JACOB B. MOORE, Esq. The former of whom will attend to the Political Department, and the latter will devote his attention to the Literary and Miscellaneous portions of the paper—the design being to make "THE EMPIRE STATE" not only a spirited and valuable political journal, but by increasing its attractions as a Family Newspaper, to render it worthy of a more extended patronage. The aid of gentlemen known as approved and able champions of the whig cause, has been procured—and the editors feel assured, that if ardent zeal, untiring energy, and unflinching resolution, joined to some experience, as soldiers in the ranks, and sentinels on the ramparts of Freedom, can ensure success, THE EMPIRE STATE shall fall behind none of its contemporaries in service to the cause of Liberty and Prosperity.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance—a price which, considering the amount of reading matter in its columns, renders the EMPIRE STATE one of the cheapest Family Newspapers in the country.

**CONFECTIONARY.**  
THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they still continue the above business, in all their various branches, at their old stand on Main street, Yazoo City, where they are at all times prepared to fill orders from the country on the shortest notice and on as reasonable terms as can be done in the state. They take this opportunity to return thanks to their friends and the public for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon them.

JACKSON & EDMONDS.

## POETRY.

(C) We cheerfully comply with the following request of "A Yazoo Wine Lady," and we fully convinced that there are thousands, as well as ourselves, who are willing to march under a banner in defence of our liberties, and who would lose the last drop of blood to preserve and defend from being sullied by the ruthless hand of tyranny.

Yazoo City, Nov. 12, 1839.

MR. JAMES A. STEVENS:  
Dear Sir,—A young whig lady would be pleased to see the following published in your paper, as the author is a distant relation, and I think, it will please all those who are enrolled beneath the Banner of "Liberty and Henry Clay."

From the Albany Evening Journal.

HENRY CLAY.

Hail to the Statesman great and wise,  
The Patriot true and bold!  
Where'er our trophied Eagle flies,  
His name with pride is told.  
From Maine's dark pines, and crags of snow,  
To where Magnolia breaks her bow,  
O'er rich Florida's flowers,  
From hilly East to prairie West,  
We hail him as our mightiest—  
Rejoice in him as ours.

Twice, when the tempest o'er us hung,  
And roared destruction's wave,  
Like light from darkness forth he sprung,  
Who, trumpet-tongued, proclaimed your need!  
In the fierce flashing of the storm,  
We saw his proud and dauntless form  
Upon the quivering deck,  
As with his eye on Onondaga's star,  
By his unswerving arm, afar  
To guide us and to save!

We should the threatening wreck,  
His heart has beat in sympathy,  
Where'er, throughout the world  
The yoked have fought for liberty  
With freedom's flag unfurled,  
Say Greece! when nations saw you bleed,  
Who, trumpet-tongued, proclaimed your need!  
And climes of India, say!  
That templed land with answering shout,  
And those stern mountains thunder out  
The name of HENRY CLAY.

A soul, where patriot love intense,  
And frankest feelings dwell,  
A splendid matchless courage,  
A courage taught each quell!  
No paltry limits bound his flame,  
An Empire's accents'd myriads claim  
On mountains wild and lone,  
In the throned city's busy streets,  
In the green forest's calm retreat,  
He glories as their own.

What though destruction's hoarse yell'd  
To cloud his noble brow,  
Down from the height his hand he made  
He smiles upon it now.  
The oak, while growing, may be stirr'd  
By the light touch of breeze and bird,  
Its bark each instant slips;  
Matured—though whirlwinds sweep the sky,  
It lifts, unbowed its head on high  
In conscious strength sublime.

Welcome his way—his steps beneath  
Let proud green wreaths be spread;  
Oh! how our proudest greenest wreath  
Would brighten on his head!  
Familiar as a household word,  
In after ages will be heard—  
(When ours have passed away)—  
A theme for song in happy hours,  
A trumpet blast when danger lowers,  
The name of HENRY CLAY.

ALBANY, Aug. 17th 1839. S. B. S.

## SELECTIONS.

[From the Christian Examiner.]

### Example of our Saviour.

His example, whose presence brought a hallow light to the marriage of Cana, and consolation to the mourning sister of Lazarus, who taught by his example, the powerful, that their highest office was to become the benefactor of the humble, who taught the rich for his sake to give to the poor, and went a self-invited, but blessed guest, to the tables of penury; his example has modified all the relations of society. It has brought high and low together, and united them in the bonds of a living sympathy. In heathen lands, before Christ's time, there were rich and poor, high and low, but they were separated by almost impassable barriers. Scenes of mutual sympathy, of kindness and thoughtfulness and self-forgetfulness and trust in trial, that now every day are enacted in every street, bringing the extremes of society together in holiest bonds, were then all unknown. Such scenes are too rare among us, but still they exist, and in them we see the following out of the example of Christ.

Go abroad in some great city, in the night. Behold before you. Brightly shine the lights in that stately mansion where pleasure has collected the votaries. The dance, the song are there, and gay voices and exultant hearts and fair features that glow fairer in the excitement, and all goes merry as the marriage bell. And most natural and fitting is it that the hearts of the young should glow with vivid pleasure in the whirling and dazzling scene.

But here is but a part of the scene. At this very moment, within sight of the brilliant windows, within the sound of the rejoicing music, its in her dreary room, a widowed mother, and to her frame, consumption has brought its feebleness, and to her cheek its flush, and to her eye its unnatural light. Her children slumber around her, and one that ever sits with the low moanings of disease, slumbers fitfully in the cradle at her foot. Her debilitated frame craves rest, yet by the light of a solitary lamp, she still pines her people that her children may have bread on the morrow. And while she labors through the lonely hours, her sinking frame admonishes her that this resource soon must fail, and she be called away and leave her children alone. And while her heart aches with her heart swells with anguish the sound of rejoicing comes, on the wind to her silent chamber. Not one of all that gay circle whose eyes will not close before her this night! One by the one wheels that bear them to their home, depart—the sounds of mirth and pleasure grow silent in the midnight hours—the lights of the brilliant mansion are extinguished; but still from her

chamber shines her solitary lamp. The dying mother must toil and watch!

All this in substance might have been seen before Christianity, in Athens or in Rome. But there is something more which may be seen every day in a Christian city. And it shows how Christianity has modified all social relations, softening the pride of the high, making those tempted to daily self-indulgence, self-forgetful, and giving hopes high as heaven to those that sit in the darkest places of earth.

With the morning, and brighter than its footsteps upon the mountains, behold one of that gay throng, in the bloom of youth, and fitted to be the idol and the envy of gilded drawing-rooms, has left her home—she has entered the narrow lane, and opened the door of that obscure chamber. She has gone to sit with this poor widow, to carry her needed aid, to watch for her over her fretful child, and to whisper to her the sweet words of sympathy. Blessed is she who can thus forget herself and find her highest happiness in carrying happiness to those who sit unfriended and alone. And the heart of the lonely mother is warmed by her coming—for blessed to the desolate is the fresh sympathy of the young and happy! She is no longer alone. They have a common hope. They can band together before the same Father, they read the same gospel, they visit the cross together, and together watch at the tomb on the morning of the resurrection.

And when she is again left in her lonely chamber, she is not alone. As her visitor retires, grateful thoughts of human sympathies linger behind, like sunset in the air. The sense of God's kind providence rests on her soul. To her faith the distant are brought near, and the dead live, and await her coming to a better land. Her mind goes forward to the future. She rises above the clouds. Sorely shines the sun. Gently falls the love of God on her heart. Sitting amid trials and darkness and the ruins of earthly prospects, with calm spirit "she builds her hope in heaven." The prosperity, and adverse fortunes, the joy, the grief, all this might be seen in every age. It is Christianity that has brought sympathy to suffering, hope to the bereaved, and resignation to the afflicted; which has brought light to dark hours, and faith in heaven to those that dwell amid the sorrows of earth. It is Christianity that has softened and melted the ice of prosperity, which has smitten that rock and made it a fountain of living waters to those that dwell in the valleys below. It brings all classes together. The day-spring from on high, as it rises over the world, glances on every height, it illuminates every depth, it reveals all to each, and by its universal light shows all to be brethren lying on the bounty of one and the same God.

**SCENES IN THE HOLY LAND.**  
Between this place and the sea of Galilee, is a mountain, known at present by the name of the Mount of Beatitudes, from which, it is said, Jesus preached that ever memorable sermon according to St. Matthew. It was about one mile from our path, and thither we went through thorns and thistles, which reared their bristling heads up to our stirrup-irons.

From the top of this mountain we had a magnificent view. To the south lay an extensive and well cultivated plain. To the east was the sea of Galilee, and its smooth surface embosomed deep among its surrounding mountains. To the north, with its hoary head towering in the clouds, was Mount Hermon, and on the south-west was Mount Tabor.

This was truly a deeply interesting spot, and well suited for the pulpit of an incarnate God. We here made our noonday halt, and as soon as we were out of our saddles, Mr. R. opened his Bible—the same that had been his constant companion by flood and field for twenty years, in almost every portion of the globe. From this favorable volume he read for us the whole of that memorable and beautiful discourse; and never did its great value and importance so much impress my mind before. Every line appeared to be fraught with the deepest instruction; its bold and majestic style seemed to add new interest to the sublime scene around us, though my thoughts were soon abstracted from terrestrial things, and from nature were directed up to nature's God.

**SEA OF GALILEE.**  
While skirting the lake, we came to a point where we obtained a view of the entire sheet of water, and to our surprise, we did not see a boat of any kind on it, not even the bark of a fisherman, although it is said to abound with fish, that were some of our Atlantic coasters to make out of their broad sweeps, the present indolent inhabitants of Galilee would indeed be astonished at what they might suppose a miraculous draught. The surface of the water was so calm and glossy that we might almost be tempted to venture across it on a plank; yet in another moment, we witnessed the almost every day occurrence of violent agitation of the waters caused by the sudden irruption of a blast from the gorges of the mountains which surround the lake. The cause of the present tumult was a gale coming up the valley of the lower Jordan, and opposing its force to the current of the River, which flows through the centre of the lake, (without mingling with its waters,) and rolling it back in white-cap waves, which no ordinary fishing bark could withstand.

From the Buffalonia.

**THE PRINTER.**  
There is not a being in existence, who toils harder for the small sum he gets for his unceasing labors than the PRINTER. His business is looked upon by the mass, as not being toilsome; but practical proofs have convinced many to the contrary. The sun

sheds its rays from day to day, upon the labors of others; but it is not so with the Printer; the midnight lights are burnt; the morning star finds him at his post, but unyielding, with the luculent toll he performs, for the instruction, amusement and benefit of the public, who do not appreciate or reward his exertions.

The farmer looks to him for information, respecting the state of the markets, that he may know that he is fairly dealt with; the mechanic diffuses through the medium of the press, the difficult art, structures, and improvements of his business, the merchant hastily catches up the sheet and interestingly peruses the columns headed Marine Intelligence; the professionals, were it not for the Printer, would be unknown; the sprightly maid looks with a beaming eye, at the Hymental department, to see who of her acquaintances have got rid of their "single blessedness," and hoping perhaps, it may be her turn next; the sedate and the thoughtful, to the Obituary, anxious to know when and which of their friends have passed from mortal to immortal existence. In fact, were it not for the Printer, all would be, as it were, under a cloud of darkness. And for this, what is the reward? "Who is that pale faced person, that always goes hurriedly, and behind the time, to his meals, holding down his head with a sober and thoughtful look?" He is a Printer!

Here are beautiful sentences from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent—nothing more true.

**CONTOUR OF CHILMAN.**—Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast his darkest mantle over him, the song of the gray may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee from his pillow; but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.

**Rebecca Lamar.**  
An affecting incident relative to this lady, who it will be remembered was one of the female survivors of the ill-starred passengers on board of the Pulaski, has just come to our knowledge. Miss Lamar, says a gentleman from Charleston, whose life was saved on the same portion of the wreck, was our guardian angel, cheering the desponding, alleviating the sorrows of those who had seen the waves of the ocean close over their nearest and dearest relatives, and administering hope and consolation even to the veteran sailor to whom scenes of terror and dismay had long been familiar. So great in fine, was the confidence she inspired in the heart of every member of our unfortunate band, that those whose fate it was never to reach the shore alive, when they felt their hour approaching, requested as a favor, that they might be allowed to rest their dying moments upon her lap, and breathe out their heads upon all the consolation she was capable of affording. And thus, all those who were unable to survive the horrors of the awful hour, with their last looks turned towards her who had never quailed or blanched beneath the terrors of the scene, although the stoutest hearts had failed, and the boldest trembled in anticipation of their fate.

How do the glories of a Catharine, a Semmarina, or a Margaret de Valdemar, pale before the virtues of such a woman. Let those who bear the name of Lamar, henceforth cherish it more proudly, than if it conferred wealth, or power, or nobility upon the possessor.

**A MORALE.**—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and dependency—who that has pined in a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought of the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed down his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh, there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, that transcendeth all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stillied by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort for his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will give in his future, and exert in his prosperity, and if adversity overtake him, he will be dear to her by his misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will love and cherish him, and if all the world cast him out, she will be all the world to him.

**Sam Slick's notion of Marriage.**—I've been asked to venture on matrimony, myself, and I don't think I'll speculate in that way for a while. I don't just suit a roving man like me. It's considerable of a tie, and then it ain't like a horse deal, where if you don't like the beast you can put it off in a raffle, can trade or swap, or quit yourself better; but you must make the best of a bad bargain, and put up with it. It ain't often you meet a critter of the right mettle, spirited yet gentle, easy of the bit, sure-footed and spry; or a kickin' or racin' off—refrain! to go or turnin' back; and then clean limbed and good carriage. It's about the difficultest business I know of.

**A woman who is always shedding tears** must have a good deal of water in her head.

## CLIPPINGS.

From the N. Y. Sunday Morning Visitor.  
There is something as touching as there is noble in the warmly gushing streams of sympathy and generosity, which flow from a true Irish heart.

We saw a fine fellow yesterday call for a "gin and bitters," when the bar-keeper told him to pay up his old score first. "Why, Mike," said the fellow, "if I owe, you any thing I'll drink it out with you!"

When we hear of a coquette's marriage, we are reminded of the Dodge's custom of marrying Venice to the sea, which, in spite of the ceremony, is as free to all flags as before.

A man will bear to be told of his misfortunes, and sometimes of his faults; but of his follies, never.

Matrimony is a medicine very proper for young men to take. It decides their fate—kills or cures.

Humbly endured for a lengthened period is apt to think that time has patented its frauds.

Nothing sets up a woman like calling her ugly—she gets her back right up like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she is all eyes, claws and bristles.

An old maid eyes a single gentleman with the same feeling that we look at a street dog in dog days, viz: wonder whether he intends to bite.

A western editor says, that in the absence of more import news, he may as well inform his readers that he has been treated to biters, and presented with a large squash.

There is a conscious unworthiness in jealousy, which, if the victim be proud, makes her shrink from its exhibition.

In the course of life there is, perhaps, no epoch so delightful, as the first hours of passion, budding into flower, but not yet full blown; when hope silences the whispers of doubt, and security has not destroyed the trembling anxiety that leads to love its strong, its thrilling excitement.

There are so many lies in Capt. Maryat's book that the leaves will not open. They are ashamed to look a man in the face.

When the magnetic power is successfully applied to machinery, balloon navigation will be all the go. Fine chance then for getting up in the world.

"Mr. Magnanimity, father wants the loan of your newspaper, a few minutes, if you please."

"Run back, my son, and tell your father that I will lend him my breakfast with pleasure; but as how I haven't got through with my paper yet."

Love cannot exist in the heart of a woman without modesty for its companion, nor in the heart of man, unless honor is its associate.

**MODERN DEFINITIONS.**  
AFFECTIONATE.—Kissing a young lady with your mouth full of tobacco.

FOOL.—What a fop sees in a looking-glass.

LADY.—An appendage to a bonnet.

FASHION.—The voluntary slavery which leads us to think, act and dress, according to the judgment of fools and caprice of coxcombs.

COWARD.—One who refuses to fire a pistol at you at your special desire.

**FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS.**—On the day the President dined at Saratoga, when the bell rang for dinner, a loafer who had not troubled his washerwoman for a month previously, jostled "His Majesty's" body guard about, and adopting that style of locomotion known in military parlance as "the lock-step," he was following on the mighty Kinkerkhookian into dinner. The watchful landlord thinking his society could be dispensed with, tapped the man with the dirty line on the shoulder, and begged to be informed where he was going. "Where are I going?" said the loafer, in astonishment, "come, now, that's a good 'un. I'm blowed if it ain't; don't you see that I am following in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor." The landlord stopped the march of Democracy by making the loafer retrace his steps.

We have received the above important news exclusively.—Pic.

**A PRIME ARGUMENT.**—The Globe says we ought to have no paper money, because the Chinese Empire has delivered itself from the fatal fluctuations of the paper money system, and become a nation with a simple, solid, hard money government! This is pretty doctrine for "a democrat" to preach! In China, they have no paper money, no credit—and the consequence is the poor man is a slave—the laboring man gets about two cents a day for his work, and lives upon husks and the crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich. This is such a state of things as would suit sub-treasurers right well.—N. Y. Whig.

**A VERY WISE MAN.**—Washington approved of a National Bank. Mr. Van Buren disapproves of one; inference, Van Buren is a wiser man than Washington.

Madison deemed a National Bank necessary, useful and expedient. Mr. Van Buren deems a National Bank unnecessary, useless, and dangerous; corollary, Van Buren is a wiser man than Madison.

Chief Justice Marshall thought a National Bank constitutional. Mr. Van Buren thinks a National Bank unconstitutional; ergo, Van Buren is a wiser man than Marshall.

The Governor of Illinois had called an extra session of the Legislature, to meet on the second Monday in December next.